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HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

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N. B. There are other persons besides the editor who will write for the paper, but their names are too humorous to mention.

A correspondent who ought to know better, suggests that the continued high price of muslin may be explained by the fact that we all have to muzzle our dogs.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) authorities offer a bounty of one dollar for dogs' fore-paws. Carry them two, and they evade payment. On the whole, the movement is pronounced a *faux pas*.

We suggest, in view of the numerous conflagrations that have occurred lately near the quarters of our returned soldiers, that a new Life and Limb Insurance Company be organized to insure wooden legs against fire.

A NIGHT WITH A MOSQUITO.

BY FIGARO.

Thugs excepted, I have from my youth up had a lively sympathy for all creatures who are the victims of general persecution. As a boy, I never hung a cat, impaled a fly, nor stoned a frog; and as a man, I have been equally considerate to negroes, lap-dogs, spiders, old maids, and even mosquitoes. I explain my compassion toward the latter by the fact, that while almost every other living thing, from the locust to the flea, seems to have had its defenders or apologists, the conspiracy against the poor mosquito has extended to the most tender-hearted of mortals, not excepting a Cowper, who

"Would not needlessly set foot upon a worm,"

or a Wesley, who believed that all animals and insects were immortal. The only exception I can now think of is Bryant, who, in a friendly moment, wrote a few verses in favor of the little songster, which do credit alike to his heart and head; but there is a drawback even here, for the reader will see, by the following extract, that the poet was aiming partly at self-protection:

Fair insect! that with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and what is worse,
Full angrily, men hearken to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint;
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town I ween
Has not the honor of so proud a birth,
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

* * * * * * * * * *

Thou'rt welcome to the town, but why come *here*
To bleed a brother-poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me;
Look round! the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet;
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings

For myself, I can not say that my interest in the mosquito is increased by my knowing (on Bryant's authority) that he comes

"From Jersey meadows, fresh and green,"

or even by the poet's discovery that Titan was his sire, and an ocean-nymph his dam; for though I was attracted to him, in the first instance, out of pure compassion, I have come at last to love him for his own sake. And what makes this fact the more creditable to me, is that the sentiment does not appear to be at all reciprocal; for though there are said to be persons in the world (and even in Jersey) whom the mosquito, for some reason, never attacks, I am certainly not of that number. On the contrary, he seems to make of me a special victim; for example, in church, he will fly over the heads of the whole congregation, and installing himself in one of my ears as if it were a pew, wake me up right in the dead waste and middle of the sermon; then again, at the theatre (for I patronize all established institutions), after visiting every person in the house except the actors and actresses—whom he scornfully avoids on account of a fastidious dislike of paint—he will turn his back upon the whole crowd, and come and nestle in the hollow of my nose (unfortunately a pug), and make it his seat of operations for the rest of the evening.

Bless me, if I were a mosquito (and I have sometimes wished myself one), it seems to me that in a New York house, which is always radiant with beauty, I should make a very different selection; but I have often observed, especially on public occasions, that the mosquito appears to be animated by the spirit of gallantry: who, for example, ever saw him ruffle the composure of one of our belles at the opera, or disturb her devotions at church? However, it is said that he more than makes up for these indulgences by persecuting our lady friends in their retiracy, and especially in their sleep, without mercy.

Me, however (to return to my story), he attacks at all times, and on all occasions, as if, instead of being his considerate friend, I were his relentless enemy. I am visited by the too punctilious creature before my neighbors are conscious of his arrival. He gives me the benefit of his first song and his first sting, and thus, as if he had an instinct of my profession, enables me to announce his advent in advance of all the papers. I pay somewhat dear for this privilege, it is true, but still it is a privilege, and the cunning fellow seems to know it, and to avail himself of it.

Now, strange to say, among all my visitants, no one is more welcome than this same mosquito. I look for his approach as a lover for

the approach of his mistress, and receive him with all the honors of the season. He comes gayly along at the appointed time, punctual as a dun, and, after having announced his business, proceeds at once to the point (usually the tip of my nose), and having taken a hasty bite, installs himself for the rest of his term.

That term, for the present year, is now at hand, and last night he called on me to have a long private interview, and forewarn me of his early departure for that bourne, whence, at any rate, every mosquito is sure to return. The ceremonies commenced in about the usual style, which, on my part at least, was eminently Christian; for, having stung me on one cheek, I at once turned to him the other, which he perforated in the same manner.

I gave up the whole evening to him, and in fact, I may say (though this was hardly optional with me), the whole night. His performances were very long and uncommonly piquant. He had recently visited every lodger in the house, besides one or two of the opposite neighbors, and revenged himself for being, in each instance, treated as a bore, by revealing to me many domestic secrets which his persecutors would hardly care to have exposed. Moreover, he sang to me the following song, which somehow, I remembered to have heard before, though, for the life of me, I couldn't say when or where:

In a Summer night I take my flight
To where the maids repose,
And while they slumber sweet and sound
I bite them on the nose;
The warm red blood that tints their cheeks
To me is precious dear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

When I get my fill, I wipe my bill
And sound my tiny horn,
And off I fly to the mountain high
Ere breaks the golden morn;
But at once I sally forth again
To tickle the sleeper's ear
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

On the chamber wall I love to crawl
Till my landlord goes to bed,
Then my bugle I blow and down I go
To light upon his head;
Oh, I love to see the fellow slap,
And I love to hear him swear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

I had never seen my garrulous friend in such excellent spirits, and to my delight he had, at first, but a very moderate appetite; it appears that for the hour preceding his call, he had been "harping on my daughter" (on the next floor), and that she had treated him with great hospitality; in fact, this Oriental virtue characterizes the whole family, and it was pleasant to find even the mosquito showing an appreciative respect for our blood, which, I firmly believe, has

Run through insects ever since the flood.

But the mosquito has one great fault; like many other very excellent persons, he has no idea of letting anybody work in his presence. He belongs to the extensive class of non-producers who, though they have no objection to consuming the productions of the opposite class (without whom, indeed, they might find it difficult to live), have an elegant dislike to witnessing the processes of production. So, of course, on my friend's arrival, I had to suspend my labors at once, and devote myself exclusively, to his entertainment. I have done the same thing many a night, with a mouse; why not with a mosquito, which, to me at least, is a far more interesting being, while, without doubt, he is much more accomplished.

I have a friend who takes the same interest in the common house-fly, which, in my view, is the vulgarest of insects, and deserving of rude treatment if only on account of his untidy habits, and his mania for getting into difficulties, and, for that matter, into everything else: as an English poet says:

"They drownds theirselves in milk-jugs and gets into the tea,
In every sugar-basin there's always two or three,
We finds 'em in our puddings, we finds 'em in our pies,
I've no patience with the rebels, oh! drat them tiresome flies;"

and yet the poor fly has its friends, and among others, the poet Pindar, who once rescued one of them from a bowl of punch, and then commemorated the fact in some very punchy verses.

But I am neglecting my mosquito. After singing to me his adventures of the season, which took the little Bohemian some time, he recovered his appetite, and soon commenced wetting his whistle in my poor claret rather oftener than was comfortable for me, or, as it seemed, for himself; for after a score or two of libations he fell, drunk, all the way from my left eyelid (which I winked rather too suddenly) to the floor, where I hoped he would remain till daybreak. Accordingly I went to bed; but I had hardly got well ensconced between the sheets before the toper was on his legs again (or, rather, on his wings), and as full of mirth and music as ever. His activity of limb and lung—I take for granted, though no naturalist, that mosquitos have lungs, like other consumptive creatures—was amazing. His voice, however, had grown somewhat hoarse, so much so that I feared he had been standing in a draught, or else that the floor was damp, and he had caught cold; but this did not at all abate his vocal energy, for he kept up his singing and wheezing till morning, the only pauses being those devoted to refreshment.

Now if I had not acted on the advice of a cheerful writer in HARPER'S MONTHLY, who enjoins upon suffering mankind to cultivate disagreeable people, I should doubtless have had a dull time of it. As it was, watching my claret-bibbing friend's manœuvres made the hours pass away very pleasantly. One of his favorite dodges was to conceal himself among my whiskers; and routing him from this ambush was as difficult a job as routing a fugitive slave from the Dismal Swamp: it could be done only by setting the place on fire, which strategy, as it might possibly have proved quite as annoying to me as to the mosquito, I did *not* resort to. I preferred waiting his own movements, knowing that, as he was of a restless turn of mind, like myself, and given to roaming, he would soon venture out, if only for the fun of the thing.

Another of his schemes was to muffle his little gong and then play a monotonous air upon it, with a view, evidently, of lulling me to sleep. Succeeding in this, he would spread himself for a sumptuous repast, and having uncorked every vein within his reach, sip to his heart's content.

At last the happy idea occurred to me of trying the effect of tobacco-smoke upon him. Accordingly I lit my pipe and fumed away for an hour, like a volcano on the eve of an eruption. At first this ruse was successful, for it crazed his little brain and made him whizz round the room very much like a scorched fly, while he kept up a kind of drunken dirge which was very amusing; but the mosquito, like man, is a very pliable creature, and easily adapts himself to circumstances; so that, after a short time, my friend was as much at home in the narcotic atmosphere as if he had been raised in Turkey. In fact, he seemed to like it; and under its influence, which from being soporific became exhilarating, he was more vivacious and more loquacious than ever. There was nothing he did not say or do during the rest of the night: a good reporter, who had been at the same time a good linguist, might have made up an article out of the scene which would have filled half a newspaper. I imagined the musical critic of the *Times* analyzing my songster's notes, and comparing his performance with that of Vieuxtemps on the violin, or Gottschalk on the piano.

Suffice it (for I must draw my story to an end, especially as I hear my friend coming again), suffice it, then, that I was much more amused than annoyed, and can truly say that I have not spent so pleasant a night for a long time as that I spent watching and reflecting on the movements of my favorite insect. He taught me many good lessons, some of which were peculiarly seasonable; his activity, his patience, his wit, his command of his resources (enabling him when his bills were dishonored in one quarter to draw successfully on another), all made a deep impression upon me, and inspired me with new courage. I treated the drafts of my creditors the next day with the same consideration that I had extended to his during the night; evading them altogether when I could, postponing them indefinitely when I couldn't, and when absolutely necessary (horrible alternative!) actually paying them. So that, after all, a man may gather wisdom from all the vicissitudes of life, and derive instruction even from passing a night with a mosquito.

OUR COMPANY.

HOW IT WAS GOT UP; WHAT IT WAS GOT UP FOR; AND WHAT IT DID WHEN IT WAS GOT UP.

In these days of Companies it struck us—me and Archie Bristowe, or rather *vice versa*, only I originated the idea—that it would be a good notion to get up a Company. We decided that Archie would make an excellent Chairman of Directors; in fact I rather think that it was something in the sound of Bristowe's name that gave rise to the suggestion.

Yes, it did, too. I said to Bristowe, "What a capital Chairman you'd make." To which he replied, "Yes, Chairman of Directors." Whereupon I cried, as if by inspiration, "Directors of a Company! Let's get up a Company." Archie Bristowe said "You're another;" which for the moment rather confused me.

We, having talked the matter over, called upon Joe Barclay. Joe's a good fellow, a sharp fellow, and knows a good deal about this sort of thing. At least so we had always heard. Joe was practical in a second. "What was the Company's object?" he asked. Bris-

towe at first suggested "the Company's pecuniary benefit," but on consideration, added, "and to offer peculiar advantages to the public."

What should it be got up for, was the simple difficulty. The solution was not quite so simple. Barclay said that something might be done with Soap. We thought so, too. Soap, decidedly. Bristowe wanted to know "How?" He meant "In what way?" Barclay answered, "Well, Works—Soap Works." "Or Drinking Fountains," some one suggested—I think it was myself.

Bristowe observed that Drinking Fountains wasn't a bad notion. Barclay, however, stuck to Soap. Somebody, perfectly disinterested, who had dropped in on a visit, proposed an amalgamation of the first with the second—say, Soap-and-Water.

We made him a Director on the spot. He said, No, he didn't care about it, or he'd rather not; but we included him in our list, and told him that it wouldn't be any trouble to him. His name was Felton. He had a great idea of offices and papers. He said everything ought to be done in form; where was a bit of paper? and pens? and ink? Now he would at once put down the names of the Directors.

The idea struck us all at once, Felton should be the Secretary—the very man for the post. Felton said "No, no, no! he'd rather not." We said, "Yes, and with a salary. By all means with a salary." Carried *nem. con.*, Felton voting with us.

Bristowe proposed that this should be considered our first meeting.

Barclay said that of course the Company would be Limited. We said, "Yes; Limited, decidedly." ("Limited") in brackets.

Pidge wanted to know what was meant by "Limited." The Chairman said, we'd come to that by-and-by.

Felton asked authoritatively where was a note-book?

Barclay said he'd send out for one; and, as some of the Directors offered to pay for it, he made a merit of presenting it to the Company.

It was a large school copy-book. Felton said it would do for the present, just to enter minutes in. We agreed that for that purpose it was peculiarly well adapted. Well, what should be our first minute? asked the Secretary, looking round, pen in hand.

We appealed to the Chairman, who was on the sofa. It was agreed unanimously that a Chairman mustn't sit on a sofa; that business was business; and that if this thing was to come to anything, we really must be business-like. The Chairman, after some little difficulty, arising from the question as to whether smoking should be allowed during a business meeting (this was settled in favor of smoking), took the chair.

Felton then wrote down:

"First Meeting of Directors (with date),
Chairman.....Mr. Bumtrowe.
Directors present.....Messrs. Barclay and Pidge.
Secretary.....Mr. Felton."

The Chairman found fault with this arrangement, and said it looked like a playbill.

The Secretary was noting down this remark when

A Director asked, if it wouldn't be as well to avoid tomfoolery, and come to business?

Carried, *nem. con.*

Another Director (myself) wanted to know how this resolution should be entered on the books.

The Chairman said there was only one book. *(A laugh.)*

The same Director said that he knew that, but——

The Secretary expressed his sorrow at interrupting the honorable gentleman (meaning me), but he had already entered the resolution in his book, thus:

"Resolved that there be no tomfoolery."

The Chairman asked what was the Company for?

Barclay said Soap.

The Secretary asked if the Company's motto would be, "How are you off for Soap?"

It was unanimously decided that this was tomfoolery, contemplated by our bye-law.

One of the Directors wished to inquire whether the minutes were bye-laws, or, generally speaking, what was a bye-law?

The Chairman explained that a bye-law was a law made when another law existing—or rather, to put it clearer, a bye-law was rendered necessary by an already existing law to a contrary effect——

Secretary *(interrupting)*. No; to the same effect.

Chairman. Well, a bye-law is merely a law that——

A Director. Yes, but has it the force of aw? For instance,—"Smoking is strictly forbidden on the platform, *vide* Bye-Laws"—was that a——*(wandering)*—was this bye-law ine of the Regular Laws, or—or, in fact——

Another Director *(plaintively)*. But there *are* no platforms in our Company. *(Laugh from the Secretary.)*

First Director said it was nonsense talking like this. He (Pidge) knew what he (Barclay) meant.

The Secretary inquired what he should write down as being the object that the Company had in view. Was it Soap, or not? He had scratched out Soap once, and it was absurd going on writing down and scratching out every minute.

Every one said that this was absurd, and that the books ought to be kept in a business-like manner.

Barclay asked whether we proposed the sale of Common Soap, Windsor Soap, Scented Soap, or all kinds of Soap?

Pidge *(as the best way of getting out of an unforeseen difficulty)*. Oh! all kinds of Soap.

All shake their heads. Somehow, no one sees the feasibility of the Soap project now. A silence ensues, during which the Chairman looks vacantly at his watch-chain, and the Secretary attempts a portrait of nobody in particular, in fancy costume, among the minutes. The two Directors watch him feebly, with some vague feeling that the whole proceeding is not exactly business-like.

Secretary *(suddenly waking up and scratching out the fancy portrait)*. Well.

Chairman looks from one to the other Director. Barclay votes that the meeting adjourn to-day, and they'll think it over in the mean time. The Chairman, rising with great alacrity, says, "Yes, that'll be the best plan." He and the Directors take up their hats.

Secretary *(hastily, feeling that they are going away and leaving him to write)*. Here! Just stop for me! Look here, what shall I write?

Chairman *(Who is in a hurry to go to a footer show)*. Oh, anything. The usual thing, you know.—House adjourned and so forth. Only be regular—*do* be regular—*(exit at door but reappears again)*—and enter everything in a business form.

[*Exit quickly, under the impression that* he's *done* his *duty at all events.*

Barclay. Well, I'm off. [*Going.*

Secretary *(piteously)*. No, no; *do* stop. Look, I've only got a few words to put in.

Barclay. Can't. I'm not going your way Just shut the door after you when you go, you fellows, will you? [*Exit in a hurry.*

Secretary *(to Pidge the remaining Director.)* You know it's too bad to go off and leave a fellow to write all this. It's not business like.

[*He says this under the impression that he'll induce* Pidge *to stop.*

Pidge. Yes!

[*Considers how he can get off without hurting* Secretary's *feelings.*

Secretary *(writing clearly from his notes)*. "At a Meeting of Directors this day, July the—what is it—July the——

Pidge. The Fourteenth—*(sees his way out)*—I say, we didn't settle when we'd meet again. I'll just run after Barclay. [*Exit suddenly*

Secretary. Hi! H'm! [*Calls after him.*

Pidge *(at front door)*. All right!

[*Walks quietly into the street, and flatters himself on his cleverness.*

Secretary *(by himself returns sulkily from window, sits at table)*. It's too bad of those fellows. *(Reads what he has written)*. "At a Meeting of Directors this day, July the 14th, it was settled——" *(Thinks for a few seconds, then closes book)*. Oh yes, I can enter that at our next meeting.

(Exit cheerfully, and meanly revenges himself by leaving the door open.

Of our next meeting you shall hear another time.—*Punch.*

MY FORENOON WITH THE BABY.

Some fiend breathed ill-timed and ill-fated benevolence into my heart. Satan is like scrofula—he always seizes a man by the weakest part of his constitution.

"I'll tell you, Aunt Fanny," I said, under the impulse, with the joyous smile of one who brings relief at a crisis, "go you to church with uncle and the boys. You must not lose this fine day. *I'll take care of the baby.*"

Aunt Fanny looked at me with some little doubt.

"Oh, yes," I said, with calm and confident dignity, "of course I can. Just as if a man of my size coudn't take care of a baby for three hours. Besides, I know exactly what to do. I've seen you do it more than a hundred times. And children always like me."

If my Aunt Fanny had had but this one only darling, she would have seen me in—Hackensack before she would have done it. But Sammy was her ninth (all the rest being, by various accidents, absent, or to be absent, that morning); and I have noticed that where there are so many, people don't think *quite* so much of them per head. What I mean is by no means that maternal love is like a dish of beans, to be divided about in smaller messes as there are more to partake it, but only this—that the experienced mother finds out that her little ones are really safer than she used

to think they were, and can be trusted sometimes to competent guardians—like me.

"Well," said she, at last, "baby's a dood yitty ting, (warn't oo, baby?) and if I put him to sleep before I go, perhaps he won't wake up until we get back. I'll try you, for once."

So my small cousin was nicely arrayed in some mysterious but clean white garments, the details of whose arrangement I did not see, as donated with (as they say about gifts to infant colleges: *ergo*, why not to infants, though the phrase be insufferable?) a bounteous repast of—from—by—in short, the maternal fount (I thank you, Mr. Micawber!), and soothed with gentle oscillation and oft-repeated chanting of that wondrous, ancient rhyme or magic song which commences with an allusion to our country's flag, to wit:

"By lo, baby *bunting!*"

and thus was the young immortal prosperously dismissed within the peaceful realms of Dreamland

Then my Aunt Fanny adorned herself with speed, and forthwith the old, lean, overworked farm horse shambled off down the sunshiny summer road toward the church, two miles and more away. As she stepped over the threshold she looked back for an instant, and some shadows flitted indistinctly across her face. *Was it a presentiment?*

Human prosperity is a deceitful thing. I passed half an hour in profound quiet, reading by the open window, in the sweet summer air, in the leafy solitude of the remote farm, in a stillness so complete that the buzzing of a fly across the pane or the motion or fall of one leaf from the tall trees in the darkly-shaded dooryard, was a noticeable event. I had been perusing a sermon from that stately work, "Theology Explained and Defended in a Series of Sermons, by Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., LL. D." The grave, the elaborate fancifulness of the old President's descriptions, their formal and sonorous periodicity of phrase, not without the recognizable decent sermonic idioms, bore an efficient analogy to the solemnity of the day; and I lingered long in pleasant imaginings over "thirdly" of the Remarks, Sermon XXII., on Man.

"They were companions of angels," saith the great New England Doctor, speaking of Adam and Eve in Paradise, "and shared their conversation, their friendship, and their joys. Alike were they free from pain, sickness, sorrow, and death; safe from fear and hatred, injustice and cruelty; and superior to meanness, sloth, intemperance, and pollution. They were also immortal; were destined to dwell in a perpetual Eden; were surrounded always by beauty, life and fragrance: and were employed only in knowing, loving, and enjoying."

It was a pretty thought, that. I was in a sort of paradise, with a little angel for my companion; and as I gazed upon the sleeping child, I felt "no end" of benignity, universal friendship and pure delight, in having attained to the honor of so lovely an office of superintendence.

"Yah!"

Thus remarked my darling Sammy, suddenly waking up and writhing about, and digging in a helpless, wavering manner at his eyes with his fists. At that very moment it occurred to me that really I had never had one minute's intercourse with him, and that possibly he might be an exception to the rule which I had laid down that all children liked me—in fact, he was.

I mentioned that some fiend had, doubtless, inspired me with my benevolence. As nearly as I can calculate, it was now that the said fiend did, in my opinion, leave me, and enter into that baby. As the above-mentioned suggestion about Sammy's exceptional disposition towards me arose in my mind, an expression of confusion appeared upon my face—I remember it accurately. This Sammy perceived as I arose, and, with what I fancied an unexceptionable demonstration of parental rapture, approached the cradle of my cubby and innocent companion angel.

"Ah, oo pooty yitty ting! Did he want to tum and see his tuzen? So he should!"

I appeal to every mother's heart; is not that a first-class blandishment? I can't print the affecting drawl that I put into it, the recitative style and *portamente di voce* with which I garnished in *secundum artem*. But as far as types will show it, I contend that the very mother of Moses, if you like, couldn't have turned out a more superior article of verbal endearment.

The baby listened with some complacency to my dulcet tones; and encouraged by my success, I thought it proper to communicate to him the peculiar circumstances which rendered me his guardian for the time. Thus, therefore, to him, I:

"Ha, pooty! Was oo muzzer au gone oo church? Es oe was! An lef oo wiz oo tuzen Freddy (my baptismal name is Frederic) all oe mornin? Ha-a-a-a, ketcher! ketcher, ketcher, ketcher, ketcher! Ha-a-a-a prrrrrrrr! Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle!"

Not being quite satisfied with the expression of Master Sammy's minute features during the first half of this address, I began somewhat to doubt my ability to communicate with him in language half baby and half English, and therefore I repeated my statement as above, in pure baby, as near as I can judge, pointing at him in a free and jovial manner during the words "Ha, ketcher," etc.; making a kind of swoop at him with outspread fingers during the remark, "Ha, prrr," etc.; and smiling very sweetly indeed at the word "jiggle."

As I said, in spite of the profound theory and masterly execution of this manœuvre, I did not perform it without a secret and embarrassing apprehension. The evil spirit in the child—for no mere human baby could have failed to respond to such affectionate approaches—perceived this hidden misery of mine, and took instant advantage thereof; namely, by returning, not demonstrations of reciprocal affection, but what I may truly call *demon*-strations of anger, unmingled except with fear and aversion. While I spoke and stuck out my paws at him (for I will admit that my gestures may have been susceptible of that interpretation), Master Sammy preserved an ominous silence, a grave and attentive expression, and entire quiet—only opening his eyes and likewise his mouth. But no sooner had I ended, and made as though I would actually lift him from the cradle, than he looked hastily about after his mother. She not being forthcoming, a species of fearful contortion passed over his visage—his mouth opened to an extent unparalleled in my experience, occupying a space that left no room for the rest of his face, which was, therefore, shrivelled or heaped up together in a little pile of wrinkles in the region of the bridge of the nose—no eyes whatever being visible, and only two little pink holes indicating the "smellatory organ," as Mrs. Baggles hath it—and from this preternatural orifice he discharged such a shriek as really hit me on the forehead and knocked me straight up again into a frightened perpendicular. It didn't stop either—it continued. I had no idea there was so much noise in any thing. This was evidently a diabolic energy. A child would have had to breathe, but this phenomenon didn't. Its whole being resolved itself into a shriek. The mere fat human baby of a moment before was transmuted into a sorcerer's thing—a kind of live Teraph; a mere Institution for the Promotion of Awful Noises.

I think I stood, astounded and incapable of action, for a minute. And really, now that I am retrospecting the thing, in what a fix was I! Well-meaning, but absurdly ignorant young bachelor that I was, how was I calculated, either by nature or art, for assuaging the dire alarms of an unweaned child—much more for dealing with such an instance of precocious demoniac possession as this? *Conjuro te* would not tell on a baby, nor *By-lo-baby bunting* on an imp.

All that, however, I had no leisure to consider; and Quintus Curtius did not show more nerve and hardihood in riding into that crack in the ground of the Roman Forum than I did in stoutly bending me to the task of quieting Sammy. I may safely say, that in the wild and fearful struggle which followed, all the resources of an active mind, a vigorous and healthy body (masculine), and an excellent disposition, were nobly devoted to the work, and if I failed, it was in an attempt beyond the powers of any mere man.

I picked Sammy up in the first place, and carried him to the window, jumbling him up and down as I went, and aiming to divert his mind by action and by speech.

"Poor itty fella! Was ee tired seepin in his tadle? Did ee want to tum and see old cock-a-doodle-doo and all ee old biddy hens? Da, see um! Urk, urk, u-r-r-r-k, a-chackle, chackle, chackle. Ducky go quack, quack! (Shriek continued; nurse tries other class of impressions, and jumps him vigorously up and down, accompanied with a noise similar to the following:) Ha ti deedle, deedle, deedle, dum, dum, dum, tiddy I, tiddy I, widdlety, widdlety, widdlety, widdlety, quee, quee, quee, quee, poor ittle fella, ha, ha, ha!"

"Full well I laughed with counterfeited glee."

hoping that a genial sympathy might create a smile upon the "open countenance" of Sammy. Vain hope! All my jumbling only served to modify that surprising and steady yell by introducing a kind of pulsation or measured emphasis into it. My words might as well have been uttered to a drunken Sixth Warder in a row at the polls; and my hollow merriment, although its merits as an imitation did in fact make the baby stop a moment, catch breath, and look up at me, did no more. His face curled up again, and out came the yell.

I had observed, upon lifting Sammy from the cradle, that he seemed to stiffen himself in a somewhat writhen attitude, as if to resis-

my purpose. He now began to squirm and wriggle in a rather alarming manner, so that I fancied he might be about to indulge in the pleasing diversion of a fit. All at once I reflected that he must be hungry, and that very possibly both screeching and squirming might be referred to that cause. I accordingly placed the little one, still indefatigably howling in a manner that would have exhausted a Mohawk war-chief in three minutes, in his cradle, raked some live coals out from the buried kitchen fire, warmed some (cow's) milk in an old tin cup, watered it and sugared it according to the regulations in such case made and provided, put it in the "suck-bottle"—as I believe it is called—took a small precautionary pull at the preparation myself, found it a perfect nectar for lukewarmness, washiness, and sweetness, and proceeded to invite Master Sammy to partake, so to speak, of the festive bowl.

Lying yelling on his back, with eyes close shut and mouth wide open, he heeded not the approach of the seductive viand. I half-lifted him up, but he wouldn't look. I jerked some drops into his mouth, as they "job" peppered vinegar or tomato catsup through a quill in the cruet-cork at eating-houses; but he appeared not to perceive it. I cautiously inserted the bottle into his mouth, until the tip of the sucking thing, whatever they call it, fairly poked open his epiglottis. He only gagged, writhed and yelled on. Evidently he was not hungry; I put away the bottle.

The business grew dreadful; Sammy began to turn purple, and I to turn blue; but still he continued that wonderful and ear-torturing cry. I looked about me in forlorn and hopeless perplexity. There was a rattle—one of these coral things with half a dozen minute pewter sleigh-bells on it—and a penny whistle; I shook the former and blew the latter, in an industrious but rather imbecile way, near Sammy's phiz. I might as well have used the same means to scare a lioness robbed of her whelps, or a New York city alderman nosing out a job. I lifted the infant, who stiffened himself again at my touch almost into a stony arc, and shivered as a dying fish will sometimes do in the captor's hand, and with a feeble effort to preserve further the benignity and universal friendship which I had flourished so largely, and which I felt momentarily growing thinner, I sang to the child the inevitable "By-lo baby bunting," and then "Now I lay me," also the affecting ballad of "The Three Little Kittens," and as my stock of strictly juvenile literature gave out at this point, I proceeded with "Rise my soul," and one or two other hymns. These efforts were all in vain; I felt as sheepish as if I had been caught trying to sing a tornado to sleep; and my voice died away as I tried once more to raise the square-built strains of old Amsterdam, like those of "the monk, her son, and her daughter, the nun," around the coffin of the wicked old woman of Berkeley, "in a quaver of consternation."

It was at this point that my long-tried patience utterly failed; and with a sudden revulsion of wrath, I felt myself, mentally speaking, slung round into a position of absolute opposition to this terrific child; of positive anger and spite, not entirely unmingled with fear. I perfectly recollect that precisely as I was feeling myself carried away by this impulse; Sammy, who lay in a selfish attitude, with his head well back over one arm, opened his eyes a moment. As I am a living man, the pestilential infant WINKED HIS LEFT EYE AT ME. Never tell me there wasn't a devil in that baby!

Well, it occurred to me, in this new frame of mind, that possibly I might intimidate the child, or simply out-yell and overwhelm it by sheer superiority of vociferation. So I held him up by both arms on my knee, looked right down his little, ugly, red throat, and gave him "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," in a style that would have electrified the whole British navy. It didn't discourage him at all. I tried the "Pirate's Glee," containing some fearful chromatic whining, which I made the most off; but to no end. Then I degenerated, I am afraid, into mere mindless, ignoble spitefulness; and opening my mouth again, I spent from ten to fifteen minutes in a series of the most hideous, complicated, and disgusting yells that probably it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, until my throat felt as if I had had a peck of teazles poked into my lungs and then pulled out again. Great Cæsar's ghost! what a baby! He never flinched, nor "bated a jot of heart or hope;" he yelled away as peacefully as if nothing had happened.

But as for me, this finished me. I fancied that, under these frightful discouragements, my intellect was beginning slightly to waver. King Herod came into my mind. I thought of the great bed of live coals in the old-fashioned kitchen fireplace. Not altogether free from uneasiness as to what I might be left to do, I put Sammy into his cradle, and shut the kitchen door. Then I walked up and down the room awhile, casting looks full of sneers, fury, and contempt at the unterrified and still shrieking child. Then I stationed myself at the foot of the cradle, and delivered a long and savage invective at Sammy, as Cicero used to at his enemies—when they were out of the way—shaking my fist at him, stringing reproachful epithets together by the score, and attributing to the little wretch an early and mature degradation of character that would have satisfied the toughest of the old New England Predestinarian Calvinists.

But I quickly grew ashamed of this. Dignified indifference, I remembered, would suit me better. Besides, I recollected having heard that letting babies alone would stop their crying when everything else failed. I think it would—when they had yelled themselves to death. So I erected a sort of little fortification in the middle of the floor; of pillows and blankets, ensconsed Sammy within it, stuck his rattle in his hand, took my "Dwight's Theology," and sat down again by the window to read. The first passage upon which my eye fell was within a page of that which I had been reading when these horrors began; and, like it, seemed to bear an indistinct but decided relation to my case. It was this:

To escape from our present melancholy, stormy, bloody world, to such a state, would be to quit, for a palace of splendor and delight, the gloom of a vault, hung around with midnight, and peopled with corpses; a bedlam, where the eye of frenzy flashed, the tongue vibrated with malice, and chains clanked, in dreadful concert, to rage and blasphemy; a dungeon, haunted with crimes, teeming with curses, filled with fiends in human shape, and opening its doors only to the gibbet and the grave.

"Aha, my boy!" I involuntarily exclaimed to Sammy. "Fiends in human shape, eh? How'll you like that place?" And I shook my fist at him. He paid no regard either to my remark or my fist.

I read on; but perplexed, wearied, and excited as I was, and with that wild alarm ever sounding in my ears, the forms upon the printed page made no impression upon my sensorium, and I turned over leaf after leaf in utter ignorance of what I read.

I had no perception of the duration of time. For what I know, Sammy squalled there a week. Once, with a grim smile, I started up, and emptied about half the milk out of the bottle, that I might permit it to be supposed he had fed to that extent. I had also mind enough left to shape a scheme of equivocation wherewith to elude the necessity of confessing the facts of the morning to my respected aunt. Otherwise, the period which supervened is a miserable blank in my recollection—nothing more, except a yell.

It was at some time in the distant future—as regards my reading of that ominous delineation of the abodes of the wicked—that the sudden noise of stamping feet, rattling wheels, and mingled voices smote upon my ear, and awakened me from a kind of awful stupor. Before I had composed my countenance my Aunt Fanny entered the room, glanced at her vociferous progeny, and bent a keen and suspicious look upon me. I fairly cowered before her—an abject thing—as miserable as if I had been taken in the act of stealing sheep from my best friend. I know my face was flushed; I know I had a hang-dog look; and I felt, to use a certain figurative expression, "like a boiled owl."

"Well, Fred," said she, in her sharp, decisive, incisive voice, "how did you get along?"

"Well," I said, feebly, "pretty well, on the whole. He cried some latterly. But, on the whole, I think he enjoyed himself."

Did I lie? I don't care much if I did. But I think he did enjoy himself.

As the people came trooping in, Sammy was apparently diverted by the noise, and "ceased firing." That is, his devil went out of him, because there was no further chance to torment me. He was very soon in the enjoyment of his stated means of support, and seemed to appreciate them fully.

"Rather hungry," said my Aunt Fanny, when he had been dining strenuously for about half an hour, and looking queerly at me.

"I'm sure," I answered, "I gave him quite a lot of milk. It's half gone, at least."

No lie *there*. I *did* give him quite a lot—quite a *small* lot. But I have always labored under the impression that my Aunt Fanny suspected that the proceedings had been a little irregular that morning. I let her think so. I didn't care to press the subject much.

I've speculated often upon the causes of that failure of mine, for it was a failure. I did everything right: why—. But I invariably fall back upon my theory of demoniacal possession. No other solution is possible.

I've formed some few conclusions upon this subject.

I don't think children like me much.

I think that the Fall of Man consisted in the becoming liable to be born, and to struggle up to maturity through the horrors of infancy. In the paradisaical state we should all have merely come into existence, at eighteen for women and twenty for men, together with a good common-school education.

I often ask with Dr. Franklin, "What's the use of a baby?" He gave no answer; I do. A baby is providentially provided as an "awful example" for the warning of maids and bachelors, as terrific consequences universally follow great follies. It is the delirium tremens of matrimony. If you don't want to have it, let the causes alone.

Mother Ann Lee is your only true prophet. I intend to join the Shakers. I have already secured a broad-brimmed hat, and a coat of butternut brown. I can naturally sing through my nose and shake my paws about.

BEER.

Here,
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit:
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by.
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, idly sipping here
My beer.

II

O! finer far
Than fame, or riches, are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free cigar
Why
Should I
Weep, wail, or sigh?
What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead—
My pleasures fled?
Have I not still
My fill
Of right good cheer—
Cigars and beer?

III.

Go, whining youth,
Forsooth!
Go weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale,
Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear—
But leave to me my beer!
Gold is dross—
Love is loss—
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or let them drown!
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown,
Without the cross!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

SOCIAL SALAMANDERS.

Considering the amount of annoyance and misery which, in some shape or another, everybody has to go through with in his passage through life, it would obviously be a great thing if we could discover the secret of those most remarkable people who seem to pass through the fiery furnace of mortification or disgrace without suffering a pang. The man of ordinary sensibility may endure his troubles, great and small, with fortitude or resignation, but still they affect him in a very perceptible fashion. To have his name and his private affairs dragged before the public, or to be humiliated in society by the bad conduct of his relations, or to fail in his business, fills him with a vexation which he scarcely cares to conceal. But there are plenty of people who appear thoroughly impervious to all feelings of this sort. Like Shadrach and Meshach, they are protected by a mysterious force against the usual effects of the heated furnace. When they come out, we can plainly see that on their bodies the fire has no power, nor is a hair of their head singed, nor are their coats changed, nor has the smell of fire passed on them. Instead of courting retirement, they seek as much society as they can get. Instead of covering up their humiliations or misconduct, they treat it all as something quite in the ordinary course of things, and ingeniously solace themselves by viewing their own deliberate folly or wickedness as naturally incidental to the common lot of mortal man. The advantages of possessing a temperament of this kind are too plain to need enumeration. Such a disposition is only one instance of the many beneficient provisions for tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

The young lady, for instance, who finds too late that men betray, and thinks the only art to soothe her melancholy is to bring an action for breach of promise, would, one might suppose, be the most miserable of women but for this exceptionable gift of resisting all uncomfortable influences. Most young ladies would endure any amount of horrible suffering in another way rather than drag the faithless lover and their own lacerated feelings before a judge and jury. But of course we all know that there are beings in whose eyes scruples of this sort are only the mark of a very poor creature. They have not the slightest objection in the world to hear a middle-aged counsel read out the once-prized love-letters amid the roars of a crowded and convivially-minded court. They can sit by, and for form's sake, shedding a sentimental tear or two under a veil, listen with complacency to evidence as to the numbe for kisses and squeezings of the hand which went on, and to prosaiac narratives of the lover-like speeches which the defendant had been such a fool as to make in the presence of a cloud of witnesses. The prospect of having to go through such an ordeal would positively turn an ordinary girl's hair white in a single night. But then the ordinary girl is not morally pachydermatous. She is very often, uncommonly dull and stupid and silly, but the dullest and stupidest may be the most sensitive about exposure and humiliation. Still let us humbly envy their more fortunate sisters who don't at all shudder at the notion of being the town's talk, or of being the heroine of sensational leading articles, or of getting two or three thousand pounds out of an old lover.

Then there are men, too, naturally endowed with a similar gift. Their souls are so constituted that the sharpest iron seems powerless to enter into them. Overwhelm them with ever so much ridicule or contempt or detestation, and they rise to the surface again as cheerful and undaunted as ever. They do not value social condemnation or any other form of public opinion at a pin's fee. Instances of such persons abound even among the classes where the force of public opinion is in a general way most keenly felt. Men of rank and station may be found as defiant of the censure of respectable people, as rebellious against the graver prescriptions of the social code, as if they had been born and bred among costermongers. We may occasionally fall in even with a great dignitary in Church or State who can face with composure a popular storm that would drive most men to cut their throats. And this not from a lofty consciousness of rectitude or virtue, but simply because he is by nature—or by a careful self-training, which comes to the same thing—incapable of feeling outside pressure. Plain men look at such sublime people just as children look at the salamander who plays with molten lead, and grasps a red-hot poker and thrusts his hand into the flame without crying out or doing himself any harm. We are lost in amazement, and wonder in vain to what miraculous force they are indebted for so blessed an immunity from the ordinary weaknesses of human nature. The riddle has to be given up. A scientific philosopher cannot in the faintest way understand the mental composition of that majority of mankind on whom anything like a reason or an argument is absolutely and utterly thrown away And to anybody with a moderate sense of social responsibility apathy to public opinion is as mysterious, as hard to realize, as the state of mind unapproachable by reason is to the scientific inquirer. The conditions of social and intellectual pachydermatousness are in themselves equally wonderful, though the latter is a great deal more common of the two. In fact, most people can get on very well without any active love of abstract truth, but very few would find life endurable without a fair share of the approval of their neighbors.

The same kind of power of bearing social fire without pain or discomfort is often exhibited in minor matters. Men who would shrink from an encounter with outside prejudices or opinions in very important things do not fear the punishment of singularity in trifles. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in one of his essays, seriously lays it down that it is almost a duty in every lover of individual freedom not to go to dinner-parties in a dress coat, and to wear a beard. The latter injunction has now indeed lost its point, but there are plenty of equally powerful devices for showing the world that you do not mean to be its slave. People still think it pleasant and decorous to wear tailed coats and white ties at evening parties, and we fancy that anybody with a passion for making a social martyr of himself might easily gratify it by going out to dinner a few times in a dressing-gown or a tweed suit. Some men vindicate the right of free expansion in the human mind by leaving their hair to grow to any length it pleases, or by wearing strange head-gear, and coats fearfully and wonderfully made. They do not feel in the least uncomfortable in being singular. The grins and starings with which they are greeted by a world sunk in commonplace and conventionalities move them not a jot. We

can even understand their coming, after long practice, absolutely to like being pointed at, and hearing people say, not *hic est*, but *quis est?* It is quite true that society ought not to prevent a man from doing what he chooses, so long as he does not injure others. But one cannot help suspecting that some of these fearful innovators in trifles very often do exactly what they do *not* like, just for the sake of showing their daring or originality. After all, a young woman who submits to the mortification of a public trial generally gets a substantial reward for her superior courage, and the great man who defies public opinion as to the jobbing of patronage has the gratification of seeing all his family, down to the third and fourth generation, comfortably provided for. We may wonder how they manage to bear the fire so placidly, but there is not much difficulty in seeing *why*. The case is different with these little salamanders. We can never find out what it is they really gain by their extraordinary exhibitions. And it is obvious that they lose a good deal of the very power which they are supposed to be especially desirous of obtaining. If a man wants to make the world more tolerant of speculative or theological differences, or to make it accept new social doctrines which he has come to preach, surely he is not likely to gain a more willing audience by outraging their habits in the sheerest trifles. Is a saint in a tailed coat twice a saint in a tweed shooting jacket? On the contrary, people would all the more readily listen to a man who differed from them in great matters if he did not flout and snub them in small ones. The identification of all uncommon and unpopular views with strange manners and uncouth attire is a fatal course for any one to pursue who wishes such views to become common and popular as speedily as may be.

In by far the majority of cases, contempt for public opinion is a sign either of consummate impudence or surpassing shallowness. The man whose chief care in life is, in all his opinions and habits, to be in a complacent minority of one, never makes any mark on those who are brought into contact with him, and for the sufficient reason that he has no mark particularly worth making. The most egotistical of men, if he only digs a little way below the surface, is sure to come on a great deal that he cannot but recognize as good and admirable, which the world recognizes as fully as he himself does. It is only when they never take the trouble to go below what is immediately visible that people acquire a habit of thinking all the rest of the world but themselves a parcel of wrong-headed idiots. And the other phase of contempt for public censure, arising from selfishness or impudence, is the reflection of a similar theory. The only difference is, that while the one man supposes the average intelligence of his neighbors to stand at zero, the other regards their average virtue as a mere empty pretence and sham. Of course it should be observed that there is a good side to this power of looking down on the world. A man may rebel against social pressure, and pass through the fire of general censure without flinching, for other reasons than that he considers society to be made up of fools and dupes, and the end-all and be-all of social duty to consist in every one pursuing his own lowest and most immediate interest. Nearly every thoughtful person can find points in which he dislikes the conduct or opinions of those about him, and in which he is not disposed to let himself conform to them. In order to hold his ground in these respects without losing ground elsewhere, he must have both courage and knack. The first is easier and commoner than the second. Plenty of men have pluck enough to touch the hot metal, but then they get burnt. They boldly defy popular and orthodox opinion—for instance, about the Darwin controversy, or the Pentateuch, or the observance of Sunday. Then they suddenly find themselves branded with a dozen evil names. A man of another sort will contrive to hold just the same unfashionable opinions, and even to express them to a tolerably wide extent, without receiving any punishment whatever. He understands the trick of dealing with the fiery element. This is by no means saying that the clever salamander is the nobler or worthier of the two. He seems to have the best of it, and so he has in one sense. Still, as a rule, the other would probably rather be without the knack, and bear whatever wounds he may get inflicted on him with as much equanimity as he happens to be master of.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE RISE OF THE WATERFALL.

Everybody feminine with any pretension to style has worn, and everybody masculine with any pretension to taste has criticized the waterfall. Yet few either of the feminines who wear or who have worn, or the masculines who criticize or who have criticized, know anything of the history of the waterfall—of its early elaborateness and beauty. They think—if they think about it at all—that it originated in the fertile brain of Eugenie, whereas she adopted it from the English, and wore it with undisguised delight as something particularly adapted to her pretty head and the shining masses of her sunny hair.

The waterfall made its *début* under the appellation of "The Niagara Coiffure," at a court ball given by her Majesty in honor of the enthusiastic reception of the Prince of Wales in America, and to celebrate the occasion of his safe return.

The rage at that period was for things American, and many and rich were the *souvenirs de l'Amerique* in the royal possession; among them were Frankenstein's "Falls of Niagara."

That work of art suggested that other work of art, the "Coiffure de Niagara," since commonly known as the waterfall.

But how art thou fallen, O waterfall, since the day when the daughters of the proudest nobility in the world wore thee in triumph and in gladness! How art thou fallen since the day when the virgins of Albion wore thee in honor of the return of their prince from hyperborean realms, "where everything 's so vast!"

A glance at the picture that suggested it will be necessary to a proper understanding of the waterfall, before it had fallen from its high estate.

Our artists have ever painted waterfalls as monotonous sheets of a bluish or grayish color, falling—if they could be said to fall—with the most perfect drawing-room propriety. But waterfalls in *jets*, not in straight lines, and the more force impelling the fall the more distinct will these jets be, and the more fringed and fretted and elaborate.

The picture referred to is one of the finest models of falling water in Europe. Therein the *jetting* action is powerfully and exquisitely represented. This characteristic was imitated in "The Niagara Coiffure" with marked success.

The long blonde hair of Britannia's daughters was combed back from the brow in full heavy waves. When it reached the back slope of the head, which represents the brink of the precipice over which the waters flow, it loses its billowy character and falls in jets. These jets are short irregular curls, very small, and of that class called "frizzes." These are repeated, expanding as they reach the base of the head, where they fall, breaking on a heavy necklace of precious stones and pearly foam, and waves of green, which represent the river at the foot of the falls. The "fall" was powdered profusely with pearl or diamond dust, which glittered and gleamed in the gas-light like veritable water in the light of the sun—or as much, "in like manner," as was possible.

Spanning the fall, a little below the brink, was a glowing arch representing the rainbow. Expanse—an essential thing in representing Niagara—was given to the top of the head by conducting the waves of the side hair over archways of mosses and shells and sea-weed; portions of which, in prescribed places, jutted above the waves, thus forming islands of beauty and verdure in the "watery waste." In front they presented the appearance of cool open caves, the chambers of some being hung with stalactites.

This was the origin of the "mice" that girls wear to make themselves look like flat-heads. But these greasy little heads, around which the hair is tightly twisted, are not more unlike the arches that they grow out of than are the long, lank, straggling frowsy curls, or the clumsy, greasy over-grown bags of hair, that American girls wear on their necks, like the elaborate "Niagara Coiffure" of the Court of St. James.

NINITA.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

Many humorous stories are told of the absurd height to which the observance of etiquette has been carried at both Oxford and Cambridge. You might meet a good fellow at a wine party, crack your joke with him, hob-nob, etc.—but, unless introduced, you would have been stared at with the most vacant wonderment, if you attempted to recognize him the next day. It is told of men of both universities, that a scholar walking on the banks of the Isis, or Cam, fell into the river, and was in the act of drowning, when another son of Alma-Mater came up, and observing his perilous situation, exclaimed, "What a pity it is I have not the honor of knowing the gentleman, that I might save him!" One version of the story runs, that the said scholars met by accident on the banks of the Nile or Ganges, I forget which, when the catastrophe took place; we may, therefore, very easily imagine the presence either of a crocodile or an alligator to complete the group.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

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BUSINESS NOTES.

Mr. JAY COOKE having completed his contract for disposing of the 7.30 loan, we are about opening negotiations with him for completing the subscription to THE SATURDAY PRESS. It is not practicable, this year, to expand our issue beyond a few millions; but to do even this will require more personal attention than we can give to the matter ourselves; so—if Mr. COOKE will make as favorable arrangements with us as he did with the Government, the entire business will be transferred to him. Meanwhile, however, remittances may be sent, as hitherto, to No. 64 Nassau St., New York, where certificates of subscription will be issued as fast as they can be made out, and forwarded to any part of the world.

Subscribers who have sent in their names for one or more copies of the SATURDAY PRESS need feel no delicacy about remitting the amount of the subscription without further invitation.

Non-subscribers who receive this issue of the paper need not feel alarmed, as no other will be sent to them until they become subscribers.

No limit is fixed to the number of subscriptions which any one person may obtain.

The only premiums the proprietor is ready to offer at present will be paid to such persons as prefer to make their remittances in gold.

Persons buying single copies of the paper and not liking it are advised to subscribe by the year: this will give better satisfaction all round.

Subscribers not receiving the paper regularly will please complain at the office in the first instance and after that deliver the carrier over to the police.

Any person procuring a hundred or more subscriptions will have forwarded to him on receipt of the money an acknowledgment of the same, accompanied by a certificate of thanks.

Advertisements should be sent in, when convenient, as early as Thursday noon and should in all cases occupy as much space as possible.

Persons having business to transact at the SATURDAY PRESS Office, will find it to be the COOLEST office in the city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long.

Howe, the great sewing machine inventor, is making money enough to set a man crazy. Why isn't there somebody like Dickens to teach Howe not to do it.

The housekeepers of the country are getting up an agitation against raising their carpet tax.

A Teuton came down to the office the other day to ask, before subscribing to our paper, whether we believed in the philosophy of Kant. We were obliged to reply that, on the contrary, we were firm believers in the philosophy of CAN.

COUP DE SOLE LEE.—A Frenchman has recently "struck ile" by extracting the article from that least oleaginous of fishes, the sole.

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

The WORLD has ope'd its "ponderous and marble jaws" and let off a paragraph about our little sheet which is worth copying. It is headed "A DISORDERLY CROWD," and reads thus:

The Nantucket millionaire, Henry C. Junior, [meaning, thereby, Henry Clapp Jr,] has revived the SATURDAY PRESS. Mr. J. Banks [meaning, thereby, Mr. A. F. Banks] late of the army, is understood to be the scientific editor; Wartemus Hard [meaning, thereby, Artemus Ward] the financial reporter; Arnold, By-George [meaning, thereby, George Arnold] the permanent basis; Frank Hay-Kill [meaning, thereby, Frank Cahill] the distributing agent; Mr. Rogers, the new contributor; Darles Chawson Shannon [meaning, thereby Charles Dawson Shanly] the market reporter; Mr. Plaff [meaning, thereby, Mr. Pfaff] the managing editor; Dr. Hingston, the American humorist; Medward Ullen [meaning, thereby, Edward Mullen] the fashion-editor; Wintry Hill [meaning, thereby, William Winter] fighting editor: This powerful combination entitles any new publication to an immediate popularity.

We are sorry to break up the author's continuity of thought by so many explanatory parentheses, but his wit is so subtle that, without some such elucidation, the public might fail to appreciate one of the most elegant *jeux d'ésprit* of the season. What wonder that a paper which can throw off such brilliant scintillations every day should circulate from town's-end to town's-end.

There is good news from the Chess-World. PAUL MORPHY is back in New York, again, and is preparing an annotated volume of his games. It will be the standard work in chess literature. The rumor that during the rebellion Mr. Morphy was on Beauregard's staff was of course false. He never was on horseback in his life and never went back on the flag. He is no such a man; when the rebellion broke out (like a species of political small-pox) the great chess-king was in Paris. It was there that the aforesaid rumor originated. Morphy checkmated it at once by going to the American legation and taking the oath of allegiance. It is said to be the only oath he ever took in his life—but that is his own affair.

We expected this week to have Atlantic Telegraph to our heart's content. But instead of that, we are not likely to have any at all. The whole thing has become a joke. Say anything favorable of it to anybody now, and he'll reply, "Tell that to the submarines." The managers of the enterprise have become the laughing-stock of both hemispheres. They refused to have reporters about, it is said, because of the certain absence of anything to report. There appears to be nothing above-board about them except the principal part of their cable.

The daily papers have taken to boasting, lately, that everything they print is stereotyped; we thought that this fact had been patent from the beginning. It would be better, perhaps, if the SATURDAY PRESS were made up of stereotype matter, only the majority of our readers don't happen to think so.

On another page—the tasteful reader will find it almost by instinct—we print a charming letter from Miss OLIVE LOGAN.

(For the Saturday Press.)

BYRON CHOLER.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Ay, but the moon was afraid that night,
Paler than ever you see her now;
Glazed like an eye at a ghostly sight,
Crown'd with a cloud like a shaggy brow.

Sinister e'en was the gleam she threw
Over the carpet there at my feet,
When, from my bosom, my own wife flew,
Out of the window into the street.

Was there a sound on the walk below?
Were there some pieces pick'd up next morn?
How, in my slumber was I to know?
Innocent I as the babe unborn.

Yes, it is said that my tears were few;
Said that I whistled and sang that week;
Let them believe it if they think it true,
Little care I for the words they speak.

Both of my parents who died, you say,
Carried blue finger-marks 'neath their chins:
Well, there are some who *will* die that way:
Heaven have mercy for all their sins.

Bah! do you think I would fear a ghost?
One there is with me half of the time:
'Tis but a trick of the eye, at most,—
Holding the tableau after the crime.

Oh, what a spectre Girletta makes,
Clad in the daintiest, best of palls!
Pretty as ever her head she shakes;
Pity she slipt that night at the Falls.

True, there are others to win my love,
Such as the wife of my dearest friend:
Strange! he should start for the realms above,
After the wine I was ask'd to send.

Accidents happen to one and all:
Think of my little one, angel Jim!
Why should my gun have been left at all,
Loaded and capp'd, in the reach of him?

Well, I can scorn what the world may say,
I am above it so high and far;
All of the spots they would charge my ray,
Lurk in the telescope, not the star

Yet there's a grief at my bosom's core,
Dwindling my life to a smaller span;
Earth unto me can be bright no more,—
Some one has stolen my black-and-tan!

A movement is on foot to do something appropriate and effective in aid of the artists—Messrs. Nehlig, Sommer, Hall and Gerhard—who were burnt out at the late fire in Broadway. Mr. Hall hardly stands in need of aid, but the others find themselves all but ruined. Mr. Nehlig's loss it is impossible to estimate. The destruction of his great battle picture, upon which he had been at work for two or three years, is absolutely disheartening. He has the warmest sympathies of the whole community. Messrs. Sommer and Gerhard suffered less, but each of them lost valuable paintings, and material which it is impossible for them to replace. Mr. Gerhard had just completed an admirable full length portrait of Major Barstow (late of Gen. Dix's staff) which was still upon his easel.

Something generous, and worthy of the occasion, should be done for these artists at once. They are too modest to ask, and too meritorious to be allowed to suffer. Their loss can be but imperfectly made up to them at best. Let us do what we can.

We recommend our friends, especially our lady friends, if they wish to find a first-rate Circulating Library, to go to ROGERS' store in 12th street. It is by far the best in town. ROGERS also keeps an excellent bookstore, and is always supplied with the latest and best periodicals. The SATURDAY PRESS is almost an institution with him.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

I think I heard you say last week, my dear Editor, that you didn't write anything about books, just now, for two reasons: 1st, because there were no books to write about; 2nd, because everybody else was writing about them.

Two very good reasons.

The booksellers may not think so, but your readers will, and if you get on the right side of your readers, the booksellers may go to—the Sulphur Springs.

You see I sympathize with you in this matter of books, because I am in the same fix about the theatres.

The only plays worth seeing in town are "Arrah-na-Pogue" at Niblo's, and "The Colleen Bawn" at Wallack's, both which are now out of date. I must decline, therefore, saying a word about either.

I will copy, however, the following song from "Arrah" simply because I have had so much pleasure in hearing Mr. Glenney sing it, and it has not yet appeared in print.

The first two verses are by Boucicault and the last verse (never sung in England, but double-encored here every night) is by Mr. House.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

I.

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin the wearin' of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the hand,
And he said how's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?
"She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,
They're hangin' men and women there, for wearin' of the green."

II.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
It will take root and flourish there though under fut 'tis trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my corbeen,
But till that day, plase God, I'll stick to wearin' of the green.

III.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear ould soil will part.
I've heard whisper of a country that lies far beyant the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
Oh Erin, must we lave you, driven by the tyrant's hand,
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happier land,
Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom never shall be seen,
And where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wearin' of the green!

I think I must go to the Arrah Matinée to-day and hear the song sung again, though I ought to go to the Broadway and attend the Farewell Matinée of Miss Reignolds.

And I ought also to go to Barnum's and see the magic lads (the Nicolos) on the magic ladder, and watch what the effect of the "Midnight Assault" will be in the middle of the afternoon.

I see by the way, in a letter of Mr. Barnum's to the NATION, that he is about to give up fat women and sich and take to legitimate horrors.

He says he has made two millions on the old plan, and thinks it is time now to reform.

I think so too, and when my balance at the bank is two millions (it is hardly one now) I'll reform myself.

At any rate, I'll give up writing Dramatic Feuilletons until I have something to say; which reminds me that I havn't enough to say, this week, even to fill out this column.

The only news I have is that Adah Isaacs Menken has just got back from London town, and is putting up at the New York Hotel.

That Dolly Davenport has got back from his raid down South you have heard; also that Bateman is here preparing to bring out a splendid cantatrice.

Look out for the latter in September at Irving Hall.

Theodore Thomas is arranging magnificent orchestral preparations for her, and the musical world may expect to be stormed and carried the first night.

The name of the cantatrice is Madame Euphroysyne Parepa.

If the opinion of the Old World is good for anything, she is one of the primest donnas living.

Next week I shall have a whole budget of musical news to give you, including the last reports from Maretzek—just arrived from Europe—and possibly something about Pike and his new opera house scheme.

Pike's pique is that when his house is done he is likely to have an immense cage and no birds.

Grau, on the other hand, has lots of birds but no cage.

Success to both of them.

I can add nothing more except that Artemus Ward will positively give a series of Farewell Entertainments at Irving Hall at the close of the month, and that his friend Frank Drew (who has *not* founded a church, as you intimated to me yesterday,—meaning, probably, Daniel) will play at the Broadway on Monday night in "Handy Andy" and "The Irish Emigrant" for the benefit of Manager Colville.

I am told, by the way, that I killed off Frank Drew in my last, which is a feat I had supposed to be impossible.

I should as soon think of killing off Frank Brower, about whom, by the way, people are talking a good deal lately—especially at the De Soto.

I am just told that such has been the success of Dan Bryant at Wallack's, in "The Colleen Bawn," that the management has no choice but to continue it for at least another week.

I am glad of it, on Dan's account, for his triumph is merited.

You may travel from Dan to Beersheba without meeting another such an actor, and from Beersheba back to Boucicault without meeting another such a play.

Seeing the horrible shams we have had for the last few years, in the way of Irish actors and Irish dramas, I hail the success of Dan and the Colleen as one of the best signs of the day.

But I must go now and take a "Manilla cream;" so peace be with you till next week

FIGARO.

P. S.—Most Farewell Entertainments come under the head of "Much Adieu about Nothing," but Artemus's will be genuine. He is about to take leave of this world. Where he is going, I don't know. Probably to the *old* world. To another, at any rate, and, it is to be hoped, a better.

A ONE HORSE AFFAIR, BUT A GOOD ONE.—Descombes' cheap cab enterprise. [For further particulars inquire at Mason & Dory's, Union Square.]

For an editorial article, apropos of the late Temperance Convention in Saratoga, see 29th page. The members imbibed largely from the springs of the locality, but found them too exhilarating.

BRENTANO has returned from his trip to Niagara Falls and says they came fully up to his expectations.

There are rumors of a new weekly paper, to be called, THE BLACK AND TAN REPUBLICAN.

Man is said to be a being of many trials, but Jeff Davis complains that he can't have *one*.

The American News Company have just republished, from the English copy, a large edition of the "London Dramatic College Annual." It is made up of the *jeux d'esprit*, songs, charades, epigrams, etc., contributed by the leading actors and humorists in England in aid of the recent dramatic benefit given at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The price of the book is only twenty-five cents.

MANAGERIAL FORETHOUGHT.

Some years ago, says *Le Nain Jaune*, a vessel bound for America, set sail from Havre. On board was an operatic company whose destination was New Orleans. One day, during a lull in the attacks of sea-sickness, five of the gentlemen met on the deck and began, without premeditation, trying their voices.

"O Mathilde, idole de mon ame!"

sang the first.

"Rachel, quand du Seigneur,"

replied the second, while the other three burst out simultaneously and respectively with:

"Amis, la matinée est belle;"
"It est a toi, ce prix de ton courage;"

and

"Asile hereditaire ——".

"What is this? Five tenors in the company!" they exclaimed furiously, as they went in search of the manager. When they had found him, each proceeded to upbraid him something in this style: "It is infamous! It is shameful! You promised me, most solemnly, that I should be your only tenor!"—"Gentlemen," replied the manager, "pray be calm. Have confidence in my honesty, and just listen to what I have to say. Before the end of the first week after your arrival at New Orleans, two of you will be dead of yellow fever, and two more will die during the rehearsals. The survivor shall be my only tenor, I give you my word of honor!"

WOMAN SPARE THAT TEA.

CONSIDERABLY AFTER G. P. MORRIS.

I.

Woman, spare that tea!
Touch not a single cup,
In youth it tempted thee,
But now, O give it up.
I know thy mother's hand
First put it to thy lip,
But, woman, let it stand,
Unless it be—catnip!

II.

That old familiar tea,
Whose poison and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Why will you drink it down?
Woman, thy hand refrain,
Or thou the cup wilt rue.
'Twill give thee many a pain,
And delirium-tea-mens, too.

III.

When but a little girl,
You sought the fatal draught,
It made your senses whirl
While grandma sat and laughed;
Your papa had no fear,
But calmly rolled his quid,
Forgive this foolish tear—
They knew not what they did.

IV.

That habit to thee clings,
Close as thy wrinkled skin,
And the kettle sadly sings
To see thy trembling chin.
O, tea! thy fumes still wave
But, woman, leave that pot,
As you've a soul to save,
O, touch it, touch it not!

FIGARO.

WORK.

Luther, in one of his less philanthropic moods, once said, that mankind are like a drunken man on horseback—prop them up on one side, and they flop over to the other. And certainly the golden mean—not of mediocrity, for mediocrity, so often gilt, is never golden—but of sober truth, in action or opinion, is that fruit of experience which is most delicate to rear and most difficult to keep. Let wit come into fashion, and society blossoms all over into buffoonery. Extol conversation, and the day of small talk by the yard, and the dreary rattle which is only to be compared with the grinding of a coffee-mill, forthwith begins to dawn. Laugh garrulity down, and dulness sits enthroned—severe, majestic, asinine. Inspired with the ideal of the line of beauty, the British matron puffs out her petticoats to the mimic proportions of the noble banyan tree. When the female fever of self-amplification abates, we shall no doubt return, not to the true line of beauty, but to the beauties of the mathematical straight line, the square, the oblong, and the triangle. But of all the feverish extremes into which certain portions, and large portions, of English society have fallen, none is in practice perhaps more respectable, certainly none more surprising in theory, than the fever of work. "For men must work and women must weep" is one of the more amiable cant expressions of this fever—an expression struck upon the anvil which the muscular school have so long been beating red hot. It is, however, one which admirably renders, not without a certain poetry of its own, the cant side of the modern British fever of industry—a fever which in many quarters, so far from abating, is rapidly growing into a blind, sometimes silly, sometimes furious idolatry, reminding one of nothing so much as the rage of activity with which the animalculæ in the drop of water are seen to be possessed when we study them under the microscope. Shall we ever forget our juvenile feelings when first taken to see the celebrated drop magnified thirty thousand times? While we were busy co-ordinating our very troubled emotions, laboring to harmonize the medley, much confounded, of our very young perceptions, and bewildered, to begin with, by the portentous size of "the drop," in rushed a monster, apparently from outer space, baffling all description, and never dreamt of even in a dream; then two, then twenty, then a hundred—no two seemed alike. They all fell to a horrible scrimmage, devouring one another; after which every monster seemed to be some other monster, and to dart away back into the empty space whence it seemed to have emerged, and all this with a fever of motion, a frenzy of activity, a rage of industry, compared with which the most hideous nightmare which ever visited childhood was a joke. It has often occurred to us that this wonderful scene was not a very bad, though an exaggerated, parody of the aspect which society would present if the new theory of labor was carried to its legitimate conclusion, and the deification of activity for its own sake accomplished and ratified by mankind.

Of course it will be said that men are so prone by nature to idleness that there is no fear of such a consummation, and it must be conceded, moreover, that laziness has had its own poetry and cant and exaggeration. The flunkeyism of human nature which naturally blooms into the apotheosis of fiddle-faddle wherever one caste of men have been able to imagine themselves of different clay from their fellows, and have raised castles of indolence, with all their airs and affectations, above the heads of "the herd"—the insolent contempt of labor on the one hand, and the petty aping of laggardism and polite inanity on the other—all these have had their day both at home and abroad, and are still occasionally to be found here and there. Still they are not, at all events not in this country, in the ascendant. The once familiar picture in which the favorites of birth and fortune, human gods and goddesses, in Arcadian attire, all at least seven or eight feet high, were painted in sundry postures of voluptuous ease, some recumbent, some leaning against classic pillars in some sylvan scene o'ershadowed by majestic trees, a golden temple in the distance, and lovely waters glittering in the mellow sun—all this is a thing of the past. The idea of the present day is a picture of a very different sort, and we cannot perhaps do better than describe it in Mr. Carlyle's words:—

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh! but the more venerable for thy rudeness, even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and, fighting our battles, wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor, and thy body was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavoring towards inward harmony, revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low;—highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavors are one—when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who, with heaven-made implements, conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth. Unspeakably touching, however, is it, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with.

"And no third . . . all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth." This is one of those fine generalities which Mr. Carlyle, abhorring generalities, flings upon the world with furious literary gesticulation, recalling nothing so much as the fierce contortions of a man boxing in a crowd, with face deformed and hair at sixes and sevens over his eyes. Without sharing Mr. Carlyle's vehemence, and accepting him cheerfully as the great high-priest of a well-intentioned and, in its way, useful school of men, we say also, "all honor to labor." There is no more wholesome and promising feature in English life than the growing honor paid to honest labor of all kinds, physical and mental. But if simplicity is the perfection of art, simple truth is the perfection of civilization. And when we are sufficiently civilized to recognise the golden mean between the idolatry of labor and the idolatry of sloth, perhaps we shall return to the simple acknowledgment that labor is not an end, but a means; and that, although it may be poetical and useful to celebrate the virtues, beauties, and dignity of labor as an antidote to the vices and miseries of sloth, it is a misnomer, which imposes upon none but those who happen to be under a temporary fit of enthusiasm, to call labor, either directly or by implication, the ideal be-all and end-all of human existence. Even Mr. Carlyle admits that the "thick adhesions and defacements of labor," which he seems to pet as a mother pets the deformities of a deformed child, are incurred "for daily bread." "Daily bread" then is, after all, the *end*, not labor. Of course "daily bread" may be defined with what elasticity we please. The daily bread of sheep is grass, and the daily bread of bees is honey. And by the "daily bread" of man we may fairly understand all that man requires to satisfy his moral, intellectual, and physical wants. Taken even in this elastic sense, the "daily bread" of one man is as much above the "daily bread" of another as honey is above grass. But still, in either case, the "bread" will be the end, and the "labor" required to obtain it only the means towards that end. When, therefore, on the road towards the end—bread—men stop short and worship the means—labor, all we can say is, that for a time they have lost their understandings.

Stated in this naked form, the subject is plain enough, and the absurdity sufficiently patent. But it is not at all so patent when wrapped up in all the prejudices of vanity, habit, or enthusiasm. The bookworm who

has grown as yellow as the parchments over which he spends his life, believes, by sheer force of habit, that the end of existence is to be a bookworm. If he is a vain man, and an enthusiast into the bargain, he will pity, or despise, or scourge the world of less bookish men, according as he is more or less amiable, cynical, or aggressive. Or, if he piques himself on a larger view, and on the capacity of disengaging himself from his own personal pursuits, he will pretend that he laments the fate which binds him to his books, and that he envies the lot of those who live a freer life. But, in any case, habit almost necessarily leads most men to look upon their pursuit as an end, and not a means. So with the distribution of blankets, and the superintending of soup-kitchens, and the organization of ragged-schools; we find persons whose existence is so absorbed in these most excellent and truly laudable undertakings that they cease to belong to the ordinary class of people with more general instincts, and seem to become animated machines for the spontaneous direction of certain stereotyped duties. We find no fault with the fulfilment of these duties. We only find fault if the duty swallows up the individual, instead of the individuality towering over the duty. Such persons, if they could, would turn the whole country into a vast blanket-distributing, soup-kitchen feeding, ragged-school organizing community, the means in their mind having outgrown and swamped the end. Then, again, there is the politician, who looks upon life as being created for politics, and not at all upon politics as being only one of the necessary incidents of the gregarious nature of men. If such a man were logical, he would turn cook and take up his position in the kitchen, since, on the same principle, the end of cooking is cookery, and not the dinner.

It is a fair retort to say, that inasmuch as the bulk of men must live by the sweat of their brow, and there seems no prospect of the cessation of such a state of things, it is better to gild the chain than to chafe against it. This is a sensible view for weak men to take, who feel it necessary to bolster themselves up with a fiction of some kind under pain of doing nothing at all. And of course it is a very gratifying view to all employers of labor, and one which adds to its energy and their returns. The bird catcher does not scruple to blind some birds in order that they may sing the more. But what appears divine activity to some minds seems mere feverishness to plainer and often stronger men, who, when they have a disagreeable task to perform, perform it courageously with their eyes open, and submit to the labor without resorting to the mild expedient of gilding the pill with the tinsel of an idle fiction. The end of labor, as Mr. Carlyle himself implies, is not labor, but bread; and bread means, as he also implies, not food only, but "light," and "freedom," and many other things. Yet it is plain, in so far as labor achieves one of the ends aimed at—"freedom"—it tends to its own abolition. For what is labor but a temporary slavery, voluntarily undertaken for some freedom to be enjoyed in return? What is the sum total of human labor but the sum total of human effort after freedom—freedom to exist, freedom of choice, freedom *not* to labor? And what is civilization but the diminution of the ratio between the labor—the moral and physical resistance overcome—and the freedom or immunity from labor achieved? Every modern appliance in the industrial world is the result of an effort to diminish the ratio between the labor bestowed and the effect produced. If labor for its own sake, be divine, then steam is the devil's own gift to man—the most immoral boon, except the telegraph, on record.

If there is one truth in the present day more certain than another, it is that the activity of the country threatens to become excessive, and that wise encouragement to rest, and resistance to a depraved appetite for the excitement of artificial and enforced activity, is more needed than loud calls to increased labor and the unnecessary contempt poured upon leisure, the amount of which within men's reach is, in fact, one measure of civilization. Mr Carlyle will say, perhaps, that so long as there is "bread of life" to be got, we cannot toil too hard to get it. To this we answer, that every display of energy which defeats its own end is not laudable, but foolish, and that big words will not answer common sense, which tells us that the love of labor for its own sake is a depravation—a poetical depravation perhaps, but still a depravation of taste; and that from a depravation of taste to the grosser and less transcendental forms of the same disease—madness and suicide—the distance is short and the passage is easy.—*London Saturday Review.*

PARADISE LOST IN PARIS.

It is the dead season for theatrical novelties, and so La Gaité has revived that curious drama, "*Paradis Perdu*," of which some account was given in this correspondence on occasion of its first performance in 1856. Its full title then was "*Paradis Perdu*," *d'après Milton*, Paradise Lost, after Milton's version. It is nothing nearly as absurd as you might imagine. Indeed, tried by a common sense standard (very ill-applied in the case), only absurd as the grand epic itself is absurd, but ingeniously freed from the absurdities of the old miracle plays, the beginning of the modern drama, of which, by its subject and by some of its personages, it entertainingly reminds one. Some of the scenes are most effective to hear on the stage, and altogether readable for their literary merit in the "closet"—as though folks generally read in the closet. Some of the tableaux are admirable. The play opens in Hell, immediately after the outbreak of the great Rebellion, where the seceders hold a sort of congress with animated debate, in the course of which there threatens for a moment to be a difficulty between President Satan and some of the high-toned speakers. Then follow Paradise and the Temptation and the first murder; then the building of the ark amid a sneering conservative community, who object to agitating the question of the coming storm. Satan, with a large train of devils disguised as well-to-do gentlemen on a pleasure travel, arrives in that country to encourage the conservatives and make his final efforts at the destruction of the few remaining radicals. The little Noachian family are of such desperate fanaticism that he gives them up, but Naomi, the affianced of Japhet, he has ordered Belial to seduce. Belial goes to work clumsily and reports no success, nor chance of success, on the little Puritan's virtue. Satan, who has never seen her as yet, is piqued at such resistance, chides Belial for a coarse bungler, and confidently undertakes the bad business himself.

Here is an ingenious feature of the drama. It will take a long paragraph to give the outline of it; but there is nothing wonderful stirring in our real life this week, so let us go on with the fiction—that has a grain of sound enough truth in it.

To go back a little: When Satan undertook the temptation of Eve, he only planned to draw her from duty, but during the process of his wiles the poor devil got caught in his own snare, and falls in love with her, which, seeing the gracious beauty of Mlle. Colombier, her stage representative, is explicable enough. But if the unhappy Eve yields so far as to eat the fatal apple and delight her malice, quick repentance follows on digestion of the bitter fruit, and she spits the "chankings" at his love with contemptuous horror. And so this now and, at first blush, successful crime of the infernal outlaw, brings with it nicely-proportioned, lasting punishment—the burning pangs of longing, hopeless love. Now, centuries later, when he comes on earth again, in guise of a grand seigneur arrived from foreign lands, magnificent, sombre-browed, and Byronically beautiful, Naomi sees him from her lattice late in the moon-lit night when his fellow-revelers are gone to bed, roving about or throwing himself with despairing gesture on an ancient monument which tradition assigns as the tomb of the mother of her race. The fine, magnificent, Byronic gentleman is unhappy; he is an unbeliever and will be drowned and go to the bad—how sad! how I would gladly save him, thinks and feels pure, kind-hearted little Naomi. Satan now comes to the attack in person, has an interview with her—Asmodeus and Cupidon and the rest of my cunningest lieutenants! but this is Mlle. Colombier, that is Eve over again in every charm of feature and soul. Not from falling off of heart's affection for young Japhet Noah, her betrothed, but from exalted devotion to good (mixed unconsciously with copious overflowings from her sympathetic heart), dear little Naomi accepts (to save) Lord Satan as her future husband. And now comes on (after a grand ballet) the Deluge. The stage, opened out to its full width and depth, presents in all their sinister grandeur the pictures of Girodet and Poussin—groups of families clinging madly to rocks and trees, losing one by one their exhausted holds and sinking into the ever-swelling flood—a rain of real water ever beating down from the front frieze of the scene—till at last springs forward on the only last unmerged hillock Satan with his terrified bride in his arms; he, now triumphant, bursting out in frank, blasphemous boast. Her agony of prayer for him quickly changed to pure horror, as she wrenches herself from his passionate, proud embrace, and casts herself, yet innocent, into the fatal waters. Even then his great black heart, superhumanly capacious of all passions, ravaged anew with the beginnings of the eternal pangs of an insatiate love, he breaks out in a semi-sublime *gaudeamus* howl of victory: "Your pretty scheme of creating a new race to finally fill our empty places in your high courts all gone to water now!" But here the proud words are cut short. The avenging angel hovers in, and,

pointing with fainting sword her out to the ark that slowly crosses the watery waste, tells him therein is borne the fruitful seed of the new race, out of whom shall come our champion, your fatally-striking enemy. And with that springs out on the distant sky the bow of promise, and underneath, visible in the clearing storm, the Holy Virgin Mary, the saving God-child in her arms—and still again, her Nemesis features are still again those of the first hopelessly loved Eve and of Naomi. Apart from one or two ballet scenes, I can't discover anything in the Paradise Lost after Milton which should be unfit to be exhibited to an audience of American Sunday-school children. The extremely effective and complimentary tableau at the close of course presupposes a Catholic educated audience.

This is not the first time that French playwrights have attempted to turn Milton's epic version of the great Rebellion to profitable stage account. I turned up on the book-stalls yesterday a copy of what was meant by its author to be a drama, entitled "Adam and Eve, a new tragedy imitated from Milton." This was written by an anonymous Mr. A. D. V., and dedicated to the members of the French Academy in 1748. It is woefully hard reading at the present date, and had no literary luck in its time.—*Paris Correspondence of the Tribune.*

IT RAINS.

While I am writing, it is raining most magnificently and gloriously out doors. It absolutely roars, it comes down in such multitude, and big drops. And how refreshing! It waters the earth. There has been but little rain, and our sandy region had got to looking dry and distressed. Everything looks encouraged now, as the great strainer overhead is letting down the shower bath. The grass darkens, as it drinks it in, with a kind of delicate satisfaction. And the trees stand and take it, as a cow does a carding. They hold as still as a mouse, while they "abide its peltings," not moving a twig, or stirring a leaf. The dust of the wide naked street is transmuted into mud. And the stages sound over the road as if they rattled on naked pavements. Puddles stand in all the hollows. You can hardly see the people for umbrellas, and the clouds look as if they had not done with us. Let it rain. All for the best. It is extraneous, but I could hardly help noticing the great rain, and saying this word about it. I think the more mankind regard these beautiful doings in nature, the more they will regard each other, and love each other, and be less inclined to enslave each other. The rain is a great anti-slavery discourse. And I like to have it pour. No eloquence is richer to my spirit, or music. A thunder-shower; what can match it for eloquence and poetry! That rush from heaven of the big drops—in what multitude and succession, and how they sound as they strike. How they play on the old home roof, and on the think tree-tops. What music to go to sleep by, to a tired boy, as he lays under the naked roof. And the great low bass of the thunder, as it rolls off over the hills, and settles down behind them—to the very centre, and you can feel the old earth jar under your feet—that is music, and poetry, and life. And if the lightning strikes you, what of that! It wont hurt you. "Favored man," truly, as Poop says, "by tenuis ethereal shots." A light touch, compared to diseases, the doctor's, or poverty's. I count trifles with human destiny, but nothing that naturally happens to a man can *hurt* him, earthquakes and thunder storms not excepted. Fear makes some things look unkindly: but live right, and it "casteth out fear," and nature wont hurt anybody, or anything. If the people wont hurt themselves, or one another, God never will hurt them. God is the people's friend.

Plymouth, N. H.

BEERDRINKERS SONG.

UNDER A PICTURE OF GAMBRINUS.

Gambrinus was a gallant king
  Reigned once in Flanders old,
He was the man invented beer,
  As I've been often told.

Of malt and hops he brewed his beer,
  And made it strong and good,
And some of it he bottled up,
  And some he kept in wood.

The golden crown upon his head,
  The beer-jug in his hand,
Beerdrinkers, see before ye here
  Your benefactor stand.

Beerlovers, paint him on your shields,
  Upon your beerpots paint—
'Twere well a pope did never worse
  Than make Gambrinus saint.

And now fill every man his pot
  Till the foam overflows;
No higher praise asks the good old king
  Than froth upon the nose.

Bacchus I'll honor while I live,
  And while I live love wine,
But still I'll hold th' old Flanders king
  And beer-jug more divine.

While I have wine, night's darkest shades
  To me are full moonlight,
But keep my beerpot filled all day
  And I'll sleep sound all night.

So blessings on th' old Flanders king,
  And blessings on his beer,
And curse upon the tax on malt,
  That makes good drink so dear.

LETTER FROM OLIVE LOGAN.

SARATOGA, *August 9th.*

You dear, darling old PRESS.

Only to think you are alive again, and looking as pretty and fresh as sweet sixteen looks when it hasn't been to a ball overnight and got up the next morning to a late breakfast in most unbecoming *dishabille!*

I wanted to write a few lines for your first number, to wish you God speed and to throw my old shoe after you for luck, you know, and all that sort of thing, but Fate and the Doctors decreed it otherwise; which means that I have been very ill, and have been sent up here with the assurance that the waters would have an immediate effect on me. They have done so. They have made me worse. As for seeking health here, going after the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth, is a far more satisfactory proceeding. There is too much severe dressing going on to think of anything else; and as for health, what is it after all, compared to chequered ankle boots with military heels?

Still, I don't think you missed my contribution.

How could you, having as you did that long communication from Artemus Ward, who comes out brilliantly as a theatrical critic; though what his Betsey Jane and the twins think of his eulogy on Miss Orton's eyes is more than I can understand. But he is funny, isn't he, when he says, he'll "take a box" of authors? If clever writers were put in boxes, don't you think Artemus would have a *lo(d)ge* all to himself?

And then, that sweet, pensive article on "Reserve," from Ada Clare, which is so admirably worded, so gently persuasive in its tone that it makes us all want to go and love every body indiscriminately and at once! But I wish you would tell Miss Ada (if you know her) that she is treading on very delicate ground in her paper. Suppose some susceptible youth, after reading her article, were to become expansive towards her! in case of a reprimand he could justly reply—Lo, your article!

I tell you, Mr. PRESS, it won't do for a pretty young woman, with blonde hair and tender eyes, to invite "gushing." It's dangerous And then the pioneer critic, Figaro, who writes as delightfully as a ripe orange tastes, and who can make a long criticism on Nothing and Nobody (whom he is often called upon to review,) more interesting than other people's "exhaustive" criticisms on the last new play; he is with you again! No, decidedly. You didn't "miss me at home."

But while you are getting out your newspaper, you are not seeing the races at Saratoga, as I am.

It is glorious sport. Miss Pithole, from Pennsylvania, had a new hat direct from Paris, and there were three heats in a mile; or three miles in a heat, I forget which. But the second day the excitement was intense. Off they started so well together, you might have covered them with a blanket; when they came back, victorious and otherwise, they *were* covered with a blanket. The brown filly only a nose ahead of the bay mare; while the graceful jockey, Gilpatrick, standing in his stirrups and leaning foward as if about to receive infantine and scholastic castigation, let Oliata out a link, showing daylight between her and Nannie Butler, giving Thunder to Asteroid, leaving Lord Monmouth a bad fourth, and Mary Howell nowhere. Immense excitement at the betting-pool, and somebody tells me I owe them a pair of gloves.

I conclude I won't go to-day, for divers reasons:

The road is dusty; the sun is hot; the rose is red; the violet blue, and so am I.

There are vast quantities of pretty girls here, who would be so much prettier if they would only dress themselves more simply, and somewhat in accordance with their years. Fancy a girl of eighteen trailing a white *moire antique* robe de chambre about the sloppy regions of the Spring, at seven o'clock in the morning! Or a matron of forty-five, attired in a white muslin *corsage à la vierge* and a Roman scarf, tripping lightly to the table d'hote at the Union. Simple coquetry has faded out now, and bold folly, saucy and obtrusive, stands defiantly in its place. Until this is reformed, let us talk no more of the frivolity and recklessness of foreign women.

Not to be behind Baden and Hamburg, even in naughtiness, there is a club-house here,

where people go and bet money on the *tapis vert*. At least so I am told. I never go myself, for though I am a player, I am not a better.

It seems the Cuban ladies particularly affect this style of amusement, and the story runs that the young Count C—— won six thousand dollars of Madame de H—— the other night at *rouge et noir*.

(Are not initials piquant, and mysterious? I think the forgoing paragraph looks very striking.)

Yes, that is the story, and I believe it; that is, I believe it is a story.

Of course there is a daily paper here, which contains less news than any I ever saw. It has that peculiarity, and as such is unique in its way. The greater portion of its space is occupied by a sort of chronicle of arrivals at the different hotels, in the New York style, with a commendable difference. It is this: a family is announced as,

"Mr. & Mrs. Snobs, 4 *h.* and *d.*"

Which being interpreted, means that a wretched vulgarian has come here with his wife and has also brought four horses and daughter. But whether it is the daughter of the horses, or the daughter of the Snobs, remains to be explained.

I remember your injunctions to correspondents, and say no more, though much remains to be told. If it interests you, I may write again; but in any case, and not a bit likely to be altered by circumstances. I am,

My dear PRESS,

Your friend,

OLIVE LOGAN.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

The Temperance Convention at Saratoga has adjourned. Nothing was said at it worth recording, and its only memorable act was that of extending an invitation to General Hooker to take part in its proceedings. The general didn't go on account of being otherwise engaged.

We regret to say it, but the Temperance movement is dead. During its life it accomplished only one good thing. It secured for us all the right *not* to drink. Meanwhile it left the right to drink intact. In other words, it failed to accomplish a very foolish thing which it proposed, and accomplished a very wise thing which it did not propose. Its famous axiom that wines and distilled spirits are slow poisons, turned out to be so true, that they were found to be the slowest poisons in the world, and, therefore, not fit articles for legislative proscription. Its attempt to have everybody excommunicated from the church who drank or sold intoxicating liquors was, of course, unsuccessful. The church never cared anything about the matter, and never did anything about it till it was compelled to, and then it did it badly, and at once repented of it.

The movement finally went into politics, where, of course, it made a fool of itself, besides making fools of a great many people who ought to have known better, and knaves of a great many more who did know better. It then, after a protracted and painful illness, died a violent though not unnatural death, and went to its grave unwept and unhonored, if not unsung.

Probably all the other "Movements" will soon follow. Somehow, the age seems pretty much resolved to do its own moving. It is more and more inclined to look upon all organized and official attempts to move it, with suspicion. When what Carlyle calls "the "spouting wretches" order it to "move on," it refuses, like the mule of an age it is, to budge an inch. Or, if it budge at all, it budges in disgust round a corner, out-o'-sight, and when the spouters have spouted themselves hoarse, they find it leagues and leagues ahead of them. What the law of its progress is, no one has been able, as yet, to define.

Now it goes up, up, up,

and

Now it goes down, down, down.

but, on the whole, it goes up oftener, or further, than it goes down, and nobody can possibly tell how or why.

The worst of Movements is that, when they move at all, they move in such funny little circles that it makes one dizzy to look at them. The Movers themselves don't think so, for they imagine that they are traversing and moving the universe. This, however, we like, for it makes them amusing, at least.

But, to return to the late Temperance Movement. One of the greatest mistakes it made was that of supposing that because three-fourths of the men who commit crime drink spirits, that therefore three-fourths of the men who drink spirits must some day or other commit crime. We had this dinged into our ears so often that at one time we really believed it. It sounded so plausible. We got rid of the delusion, not by observing that three-fourths of the spirit-drinkers did *not* commit crime (for this fact might, perhaps, have been plausibly disposed of), but by observing that three-fourths of those who *did* commit crime were also in the habit of drinking tea, and not only that but coffee, and in some exceptional and melancholy cases, *water*, —a little statistic which seemed to us to knock the logic of the Movement square in the head; for if three-fourths of all the criminals in the world were in the habit of drinking tea, or coffee, or water, it followed, of course (reasoning Movement-wise), that it was this fact which made them criminals; and yet not even the Movers themselves would venture on such an assertion.

Another and more serious mistake the Movement made, was in assuming that the most natural drink of man is cold water. Or, was it hot water? We forget for the moment, but the matter is not important. It was water at any rate. Now, the argument against such a theory, like the argument against Grahamism, is simply and conclusively this: *The human palate thinks otherwise;* and the human palate being a divine and not a human institution, has as much right to be gratified as the human ear or the human eye. Man was not made to live by bread alone, nor by bread and water alone. His palate, which, in its natural state, is the only competent judge in the matter, calls for an immense variety of food, and an immense variety of drinks, while the earth on which we live is so well adapted to the palate as to supply in abundance everything that it desires. In fact, a scientific analysis of the eatable products of the earth would be a scientific analysis of the human palate, and *vice versa*.

This settles the matter. The objection that the palate may crave bad liquor, or bad food, amounts to nothing. The only point is, that the universal human palate demands something else besides bread and water; and that since the beginning of the world it has had a longing for the juice of the grape, for the flesh of birds and animals, and for countless other varieties of food which simple Nature, unaided by Art, could never provide, any more than she could provide painting and sculpture for the eye, or decent music for the ear. For Nature, after all, is a small affair without Man.

To limit the human palate, then, to two or three articles of food or drink, would be to deny the wisdom of the Creator, and scout at His whole scheme of creation. The truth is that He designed for man—for man here upon the earth, and for man *now*, and at all times, —an amount and an intensity of happiness which gloomy ascetics, and gloomier theologians, reasoning from their own stinginess of soul, have never been able to conceive. And a large part of this happiness—not the largest part, perhaps, nor the most important, but still a large and a very important part—it was intended we should receive through the medium of the much abused senses. Through the sense of hearing we were to have music with all its exquisite delights; through the sense of sight, we were to have the varied beauties of nature and of art; through the sense of smell the most delicious perfumes, natural and artificial; through the sense of taste the richest and most delicate fruits, wines, viands, etc.:—the evident intention being that the senses, like all the other faculties of man, should be not only *useful* but *pleasurable;* in other words, that they should be a constant source of enjoyment to him. Nature, herself, teaches us this beautiful lesson by ministering to them in a thousand delicate, though for the most part unappreciated ways. She does this, especially, for the sense of taste, though she takes the whole sisterhood of the senses under her charge, and encourages them by her example to revel in beauty and in luxury, and thus accomplish their legitimate and beneficent destiny.

A friend from Carmel, Putnam County, New York, informs us that a new church has just been built in that town by Mr. DANIEL DREW of this city, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, and presented to the society. The name of the church is elegantly engraved on a marble slab on the front of the edifice, and reads thus: "THE DANIEL DREW METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH." This is a new idea, and shows the mark of the age. We expect soon to hear of other religious edifices named after the same fashion; for instance, "THE FRANK DREW TABERNACLE," or "THE ARTEMUS WARD SECOND AFRICAN CHURCH," or "THE AUGUST BELMONT SYNAGOGUE," or "THE ASTOR HOUSE OF PRAYER," or "THE SATURDAY PRESS-BYTERIAN CHAPEL." Why not, as well as the "DANIEL DREW METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH?"

General Grant was a good deal bothered, the other day, by receiving a letter addressed to him as Detor Legis Legum. He couldn't make out what it meant.

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